

The Womens Fegari

^K SHEWING

The great endeavoursthey have used for obtain
of the Breeches.

Being as full of mirth as an Egg is full of meat,

When Men unto their Wives make long beseeches

The Women domineer to wear the Breeches.

Their tongues, their hands, their wits to work they set
And never leave till they the conquest get.



LONDON, Printed for J. Clark at the Harp and Bible in West-Smith-field.





The Womens Fegaries.

THe Proverb says, *there is no wit, like the womans wit,* especially in matters of mischief, their natures being more prone to evil then good, for being made of a knobby crooked rib, they contain something in their manners and dispositions of the matter and form of which they were created as may be instanced in several examples, of which in this sheet of paper we shall give you some of them.

At a Town called *Stocking-Pelham*, in the County of *England*, not long ago there hapned a terrible Fray betwixt the man of the house of one side, and his wife and his Maid on the other side, and though two to one be great odds at Foot-ball, yet by the strength of his Arm, and a good Crab-Tree Cudgel, they felt by their bruised sides that he had gotten the victory. Now though the mans name were *William*, yet the wife for a great while did want of her *Will*, I mean how to be revenged on him, at last she affected by policy what she could not compass by strength, for he putting his head out at a window, that had neither Glass nor Lettice belonging to it, but only a riding shutter, he having no eyes behind him, she nimblely stept to the shutter and ran it up close to his neck, so that he was locked fast as in a Pillory, where whilst the one kept him in the other with a great washing-beetle belabour'd his buttocks as your Seamen do stock-fish; the Maid servant a strong docks wench with both her hands laying on, and at every blow, saying

*Remember how you beat my dame
Now look for to be serv'd the same.*

The poor man to be rid of his tormentors was glad to pray, crave, intreat and promise whatsoever they would have him, vowing never after to use Crab-tree Cudgel again, nor so much as to eat of Mustard if it were made of Verjuice, out of detestation to Crabs and Crab-trees.

*Thus women you may learn a ready way
To make resisting husbands to obey:
Although to baste your sides their fingers itches,
You may by policy obtain the Breeches.*

It is in the memory of man, since in *Black-Fryers* a Taylor and his wife fell out about superiority, the Taylor fretted, and his wife scolded, whereupon this ninth part of a man challenged her out into the street to try the conquest; having provided 2 broom-staves therefor that purpose. Being both entred the Lists the woman thought it best policy to begin first, and catching up a Rams horn which lay at her Foot, threw it at her husband, which by chance lighted on his forehead at the great end, and stuck there as fast as ever it grew upon the Rams head, which having done, she ran in at the door again. The Taylor being Horn-mad to be served so, went to run after her, but making more hast then good speed, he ran his horn into the staple of the door, where he was so intangled by his brow-antlers, that he could stir no further, which the woman perceiving; she got up one of the broom-staves, and so belabour'd poor *Pilgarlick*, that in great humility he askt her forgiveness, and resigned the right of the Breeches up unto her, else she vow'd to wind up his bottoms, and with the shears of her authority to cut the thread of his life in sunder.

*Thus Snip the Taylor had his business done,
His wife from him the Breeches fairly won,
But had it been for penny loaves the strife,
'Tis thought Snip would have been too hard for's wife.*

Set but a dozen Loves before a Taylor

He'l fight with Sergeant, Bayliff, Catchpole, Jaylor.

'Twas in the sound of Clerkenwell Bells (and therefore of long standing) that a Plaisterer had gotten a most damnable scold to his wife who use to fetch him from the Ale-house with a head-pox, one night coming home 3 quarters drunk, she acted the part of Zantippe, and made the house to Ring with her scolding, musick was so untunable in her Husbands Ears, that getting a cudgel in his hands, he fell to belabouring her until he made her to ask him forgiveness, and promise never to scold to again, being thus as he thought got an absolute conquest over her tongue, he went quietly to bed, where he slept soundly, whilst she lay awake studying of mischief, in the morning before he awaked, he examin'd his Pockets for Money (the common tricks of many Women) but found nothing in them save only some lath-nails, these did she take and set upright all about the Chamber, which done she gets a pail of Water in her hands, and aloud commanded him to rise, which he refused to do, whereupon she throws the pail of water upon the bed; this so vexed him, starting suddenly up, he went to run after her, when his naked back lighting upon the lath-nails, he was forced to slacken his pace, being so mortified with them that he could neither stand nor move, whereupon his wife taking the same cudgell he had beaten with all the night before, told him that *what was sauce for a Goose was sauce for a Gander*, and so he ribroasted him, that with great penitency he now asked her forgiveness, resigning the weight and title of the Breeches unto her, and that though he was superiour to her in strength, yet he was inferiour to her policy.

When as that women do themselves apply

To mischief, they perform it readily,

Nothing will serve them when their fingers itches

Until such time they have attain'd the Breeches.

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Be it to scold, to brangle, scratch or fight;

Their hands are heavy, though their tails are light.

In that part of *Altion*, which is called the *Veal Country*, there
lived a merry Sadler who had gotten a scolding Carrion, so
wife that would frequent the Ale-house almost every day, from
whence he was forced to fetch her home at night, where he would
show some Rib-roast upon her to give her a breathing that she
might not grow Foggy with drinking so much Ale, however the
man did not take it so kindly but that she vow'd to be revenged
on him for it, and to put her determination in practice, one day she
led 2 of her boozing companions to get her husband to the ale-
house & make him drunk, which they performed according to her
wishes, leading him home about 10 a clock at night, and
putting him in a chair with a good fire before him, where he pre-
sently fell fast asleep, now had the Woman a fit opportunity to
put her design in practice, where pulling out his Feet towards the
fire and the fire so near towards them as it almost touched them;
he went to bed, when quickly his shoes began to Fry, and his
Feet were mortified with the burning, that he made a most sad do-
leful noise; she knowing the Fish was caught, that she had laid
her snare for, went down with a good Athen wand in her hand, you
may imagine a condition'd slave (quoth she) must you come home drunk, and
make such a noise that one cannot rest in quiet for you, I
will make you to roar for something, and thereupon fell on the
head of him with as much Fury as a Pyrat doth on a Merchants
ship, the poor Sadler was forced to indure all, for he could not
help himself, but desiring her to be merciful, he resigned up
his wits to her, she triumphing in her double conquest; first
striking him who used to pay her, and secondly bringing him in
that condition, that for three quarters of a year afterwards he
could not stir out of doors to fetch her from the ale-house.

*Women like unto pismires have their sting,
And several ways to pass their ends do bring,*

Their

*Their tongues are nimble, nor are their hands crazy
Although to work each Limb they have is lazy.*

Many other examples might we instance of the imperiousness of women; and what stratagems they have invented for gaining Breeches from their Husbands, but these I think may suffice in one single sheet of paper, and indeed as many as can well be afforded for four Farthings, but least any one should complain a hard pennyworth, to make him amends, I will afford him a loan into the bargain.

The Song.

*When women that they do meet together,
Their Tongues do run all sorts of weather,
Their Noses are short and their tongues they are long,
And tittle, tittle; tattle is all their song.*

Now that women (like the world) do grow worse and worse, have read in a very learned authour, viz. *Poor Robin's Almanack*, how that about two hundred and fifty years ago (as near as he could remember) there was a great sickness almost throughout the whole world, wherein their dyed Forty five millions, eight hundred seventy three thousand, six hundred and ninety two good women, and of bad women only three hundred forty and four, by reason whereof there hath been such a scarcity of good women ever since, the whole breed of them then being almost utterly extinct.

Thus you see women if they be meek and honest, they are no less then Saints, the purity of Nature, the excellency of vertue, and the perfection of earthly content; but if they prove scolds and strumpets, oh let me breath before I can utter the depth of such a monstrous description, a man had better be wedded to a Goat then matcht to a scold, and far better be tyed up from his meat, then married to a wife, whose tongue shall be in perpetual motion, and

re more noise then 9 Mill-clappers. And if she prove a strumpet
 have no government of her tayl, oh who can think of Epithets
 enough to bestow on these deceitful Devils; They are very
 pies, Cockatrices, the curse of Man, dissembling Monsters, only
 set up to cozen and gull men, borrowing their hair from one,
 complexion from another, nothing their own that is pleasing, all
 embled, not so much as their very breath but is sophisticated
 with anniber pellets, and kissing comfits, and all to train poor man
 to his Ruine. A strumpet, she is in shape an angel, but in
 reality a devil, ingrateful, perjured, untrue, inconsistent, full
 of fraud, deceitful, the very refuse of Natures excrements.
 is an angel at ten, a Saint at fifteen, a Devil at fourty, a witch
 at sixscore. She is a painted Sepulchre with Rotten Bones, so
 full with vice as leaves no place for vertue to inhabit. She allures
 with amorous glances of lust, and kills with bitter looks of hate,
 between her breasts is the vail of destruction, and in her bed, oh
 there is sorrow, repentance, hell and despair, they strive to make
 her Faces gorgeous, but never seek to fit their minds to goodness
 for, they are of such perverse conditions, and corruptions,
 if the World were paper, the Sea ink, Trees and Plants, Pens:
 all men Clerks, Scribes and Notaries, yet would all that paper
 be scribbled over, the ink wasted, pens wore to the stumps,
 all the Scriveners weary, before they could describe the hun-
 dredth part of a Whores wickedness, who never leaves until she
 brings a man either to the Goal, the Hospital, or the Gallows,
 which to all that frequent Whores is commonly

THE END.

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